SPAWN®
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MAY
DIGITAL EDITION
McFarlane '92
STEACY-

image COMICS PRESENTS:

"QUESTIONS"

PART 1

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Dedicated to:
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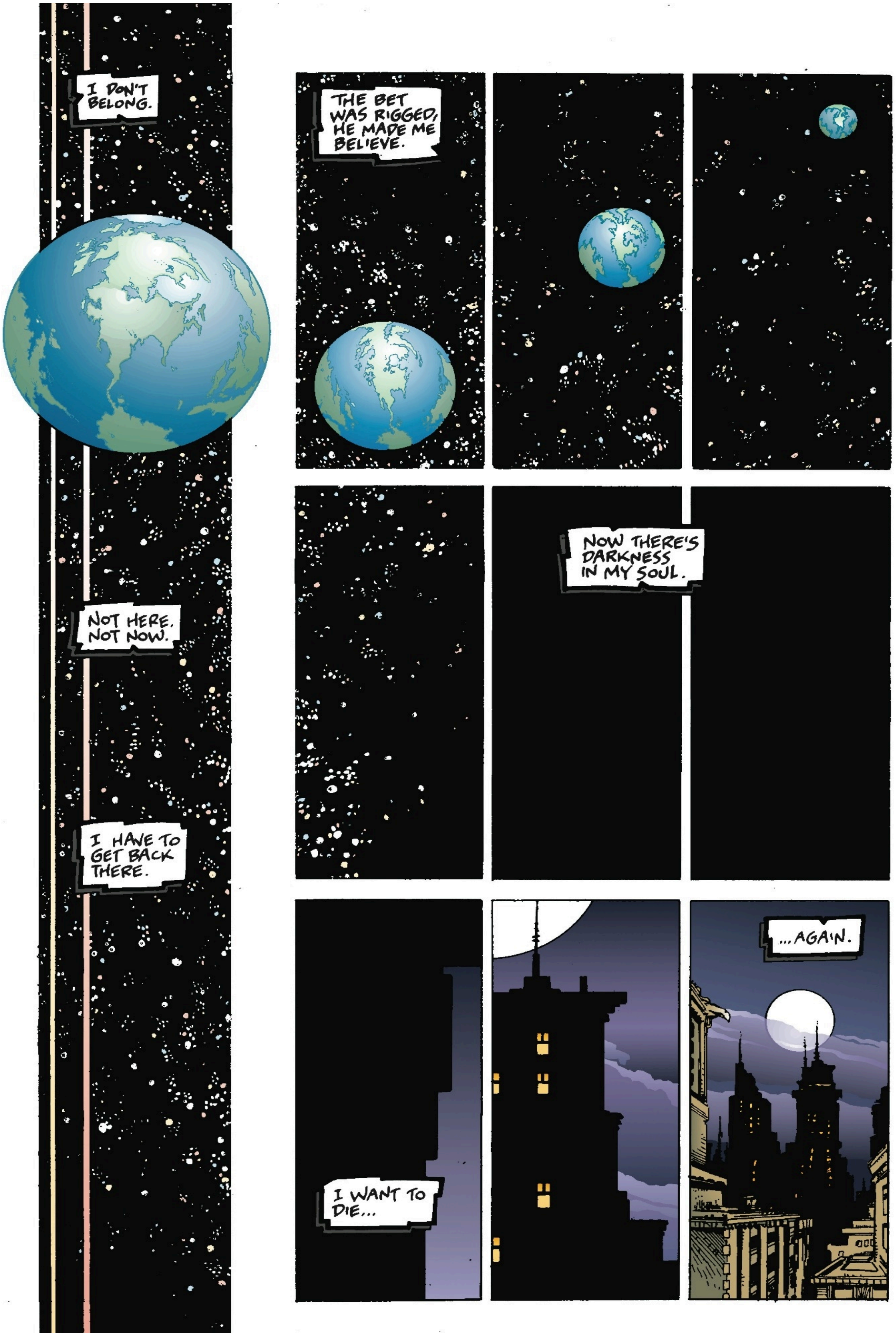
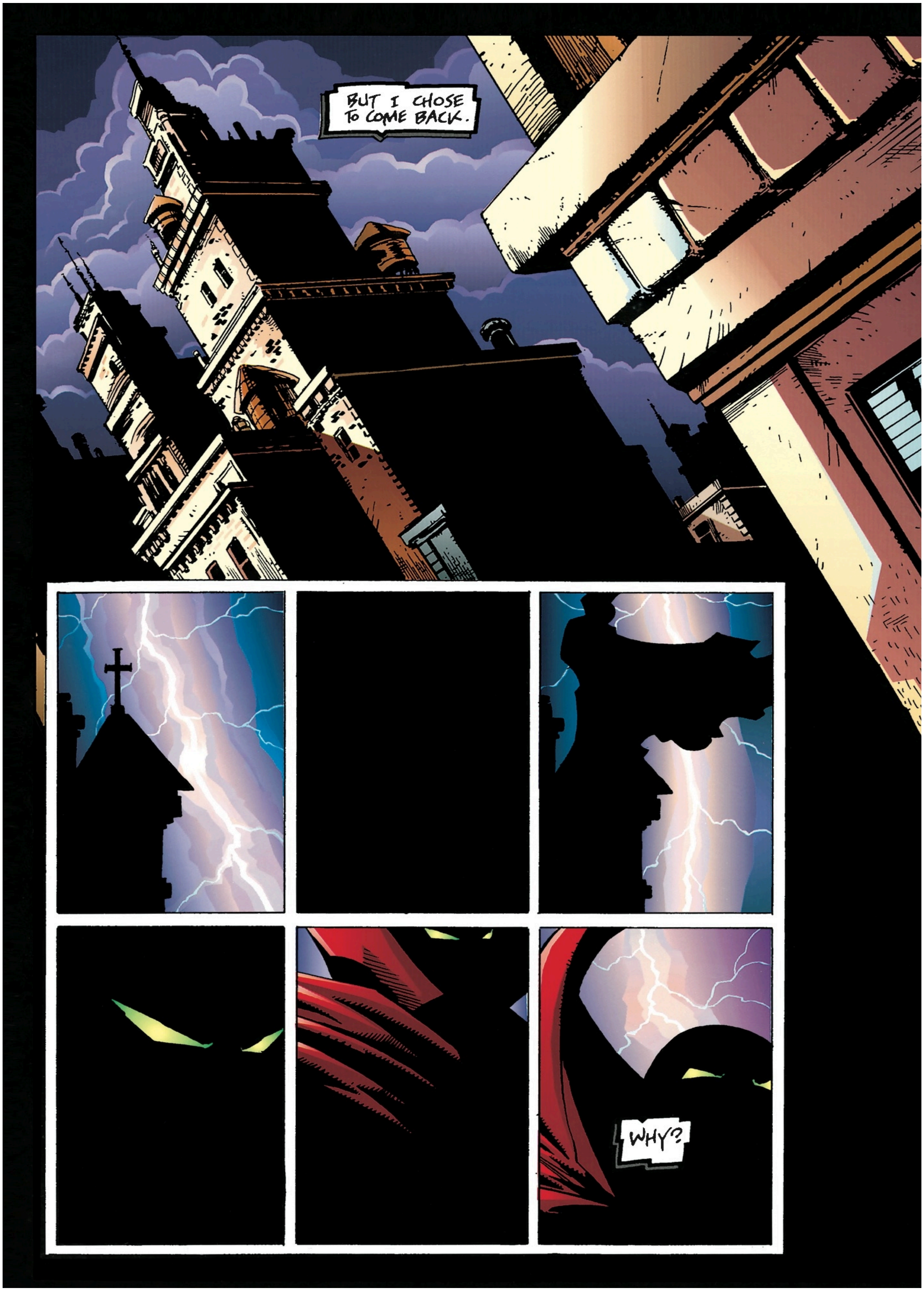
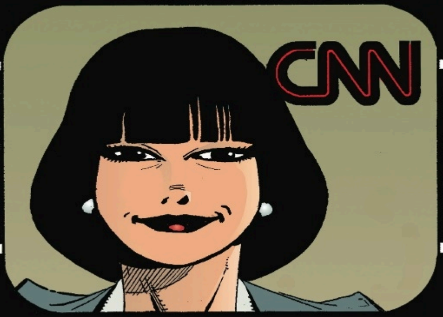

I DON'T BELONG.
NOT HERE. NOT NOW.
I HAVE TO GET BACK THERE.
THE BET WAS RIGGED, HE MADE ME BELIEVE.
NOW THERE'S DARKNESS IN MY SOUL.
I WANT TO DIE...
...AGAIN.


BUT I CHOSE TO COME BACK.
WHY?

1987

SERVICES WERE HELD TODAY FOR LT. COLONEL ***AL SIMMONS*** AT ARLINGTON CEMETARY IN VIRGINIA. SIMMONS IS BEST KNOWN FOR HIS COURAGEOUS INVOLVEMENT IN SAVING THE PRESIDENT FROM AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.

SIMMONS ROSE THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE MARINE CORPS FOLLOWING HIS SERVICE OVERSEAS. HIS MEMORY WAS HONORED BY BOTH THE PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT, AS WELL AS HUNDREDS OF OFFICERS FROM ALL THE ARMED SERVICES.



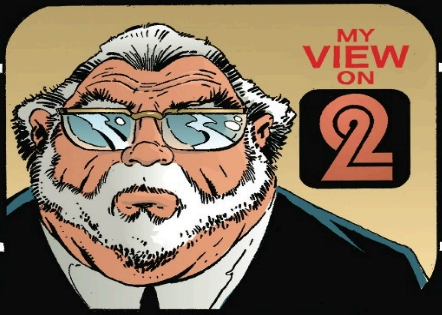
HIS WIFE, ***WANDA BLAKE,*** REMAINED QUIET FOR THE DURATION OF THE FUNERAL, BUT SEEMED TO NEED HELP NEAR THE END OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

FRIENDS AND FAMILY HAVE ALL BEEN SUPPORTIVE, AND WILL START A NEW SCHOLARSHIP FUND IN HIS NAME THAT WILL BENEFIT THE UNITED NEGRO COLLEGE FUND.

LT. COLONEL SIMMONS, WHO DISAPPEARED FROM PUBLIC VIEW SHORTLY AFTER THE HINCKLEY INCIDENT, WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH NUMEROUS COVERT GOVERNMENT TASK FORCES.

INFORMED SOURCES SAY THAT HIS PRESENCE IN BOTSWANA AT THE SAME TIME AS YOUNGBLOOD AGENTS WAS NO COINCIDENCE.

FRANKLY, THIS STINKS OF A GOVERNMENT ***COVER-UP.*** SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

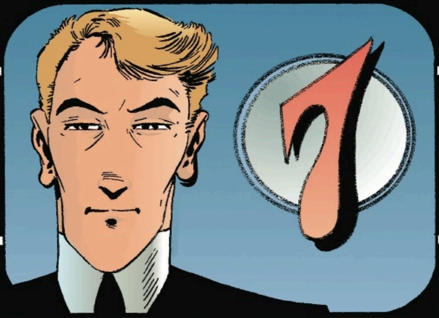


THOUGH I'M SURE LT. COL. SIMMONS WAS A MAN OF COURAGE AND INTEGRITY, IT'S THE GOVERNMENT'S ***BOYS' CLUB ATTITUDE*** THAT APPALLS ME.

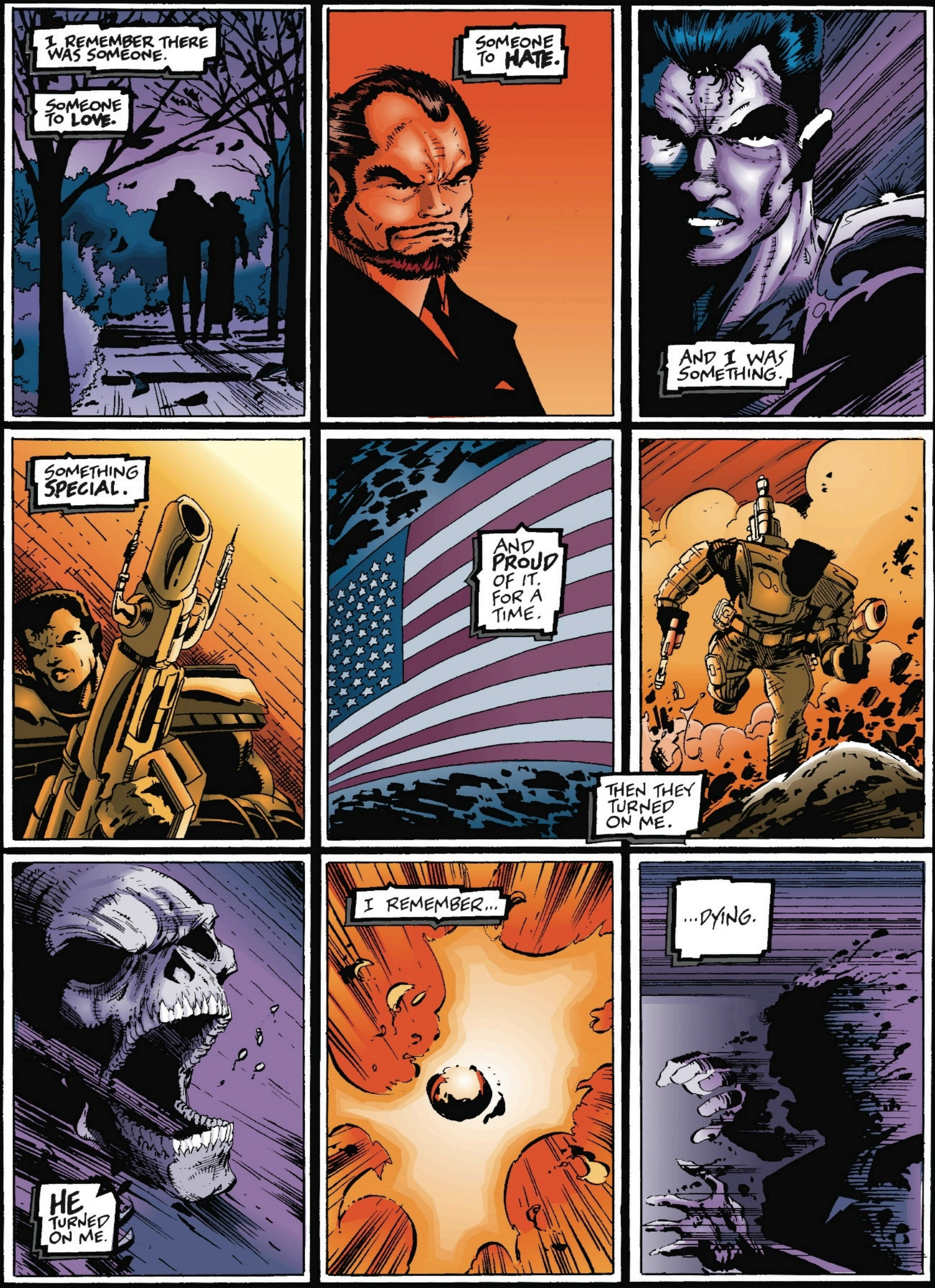
INFORMATION IS GIVEN OUT AT THEIR DISCRETION IN AN ALMOST HOLLYWOOD-TYPE FASHION, AND WE ALL KNOW HOW MOVIE MAKERS ***NEVER*** STRETCH THE TRUTH.

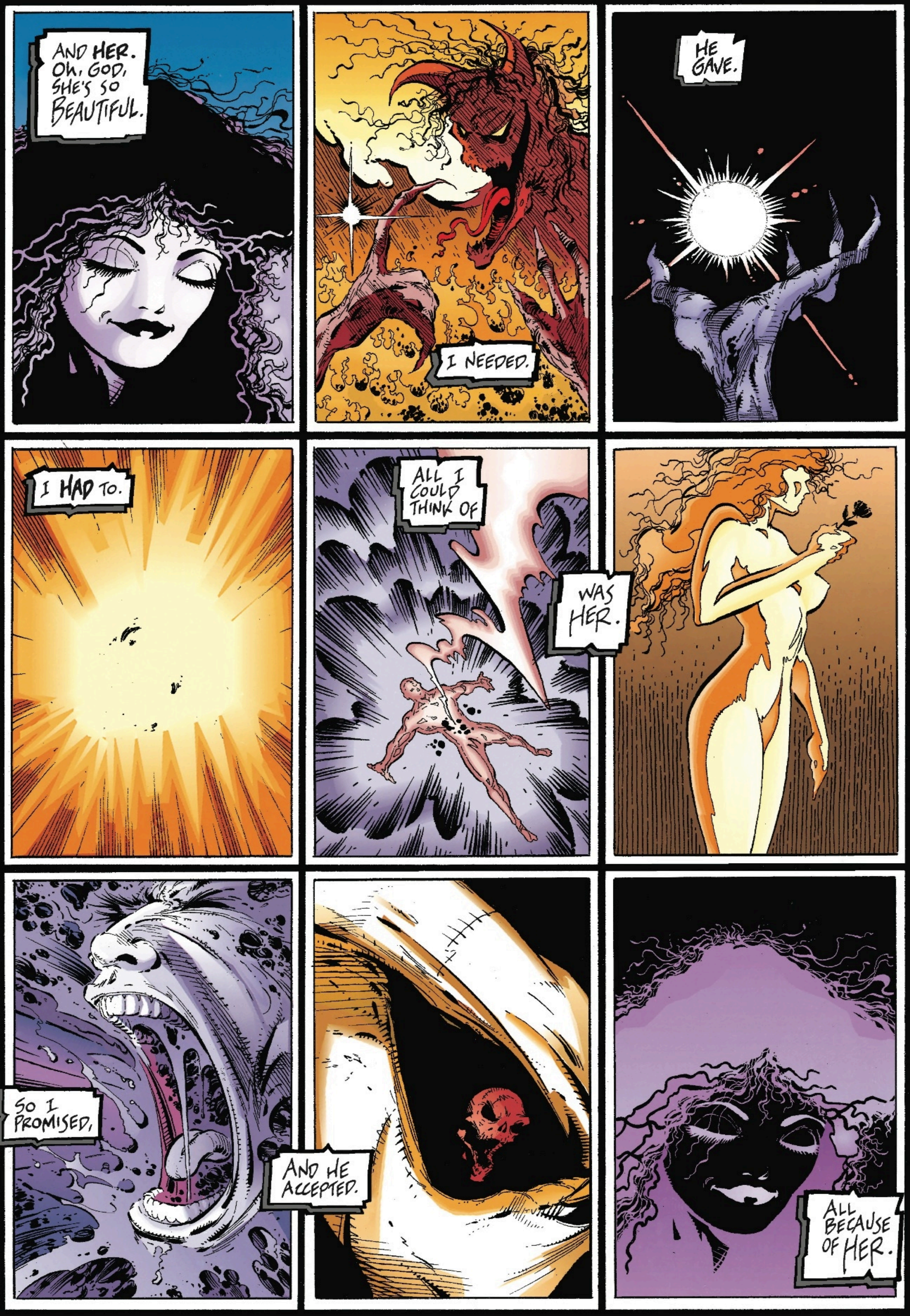
AND THE LOVELY WANDA BLAKE WAS ABSO***LUTE***LY ***DIVINE*** IN A DISARMINGLY SIMPLE JET BLACK GIOVANNI ORIGINAL. AND ***SAY,*** WHO WAS THAT TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME ***PRINCE*** ON HER ARM AT THE CEREMONY?

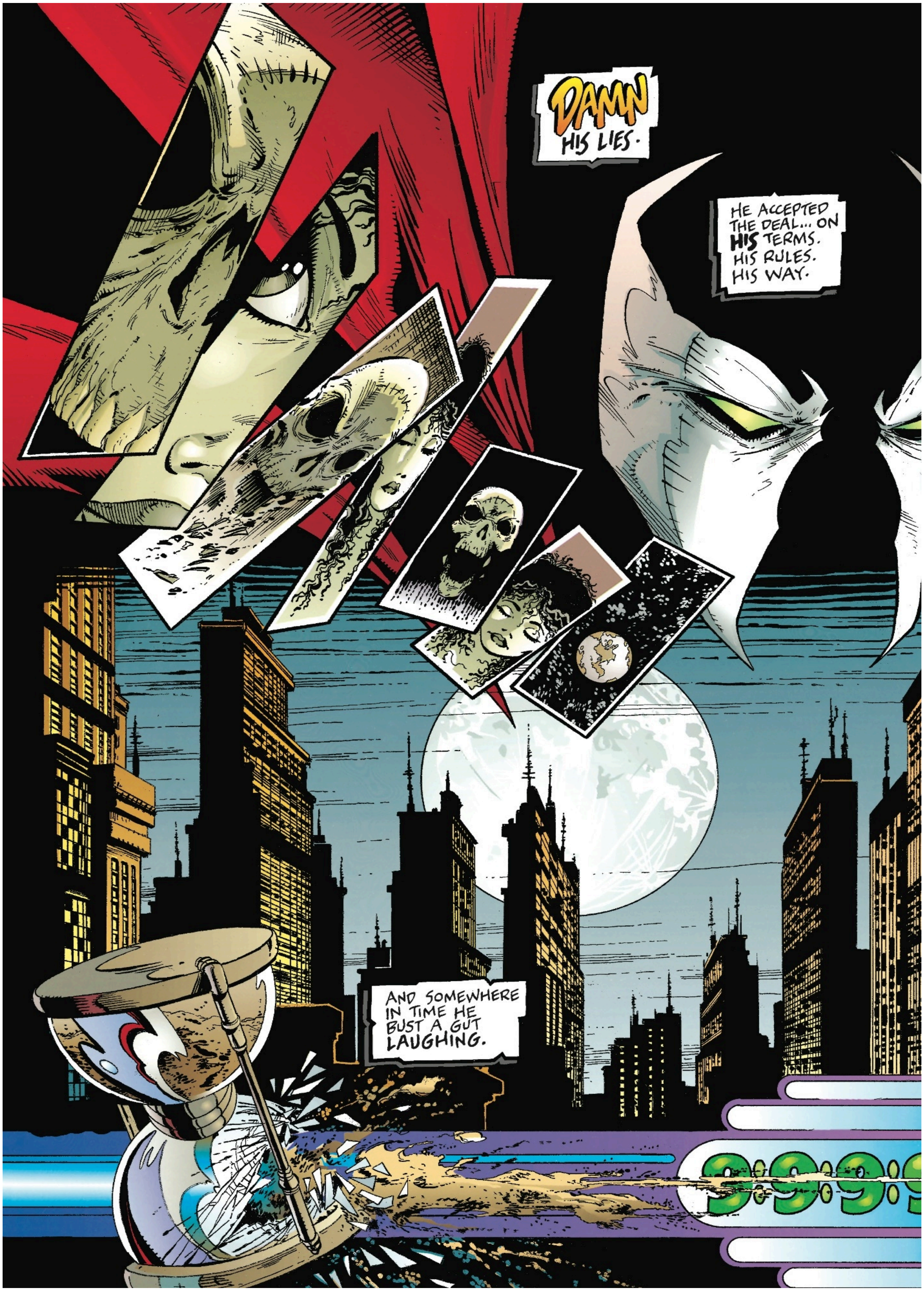
WELL, A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT ***MARTIN ALEXANDER*** WAS WANDA'S CLOSEST FRIEND BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL. ***HE*** INTRODUCED HER TO AL SIMMONS AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN 1984.

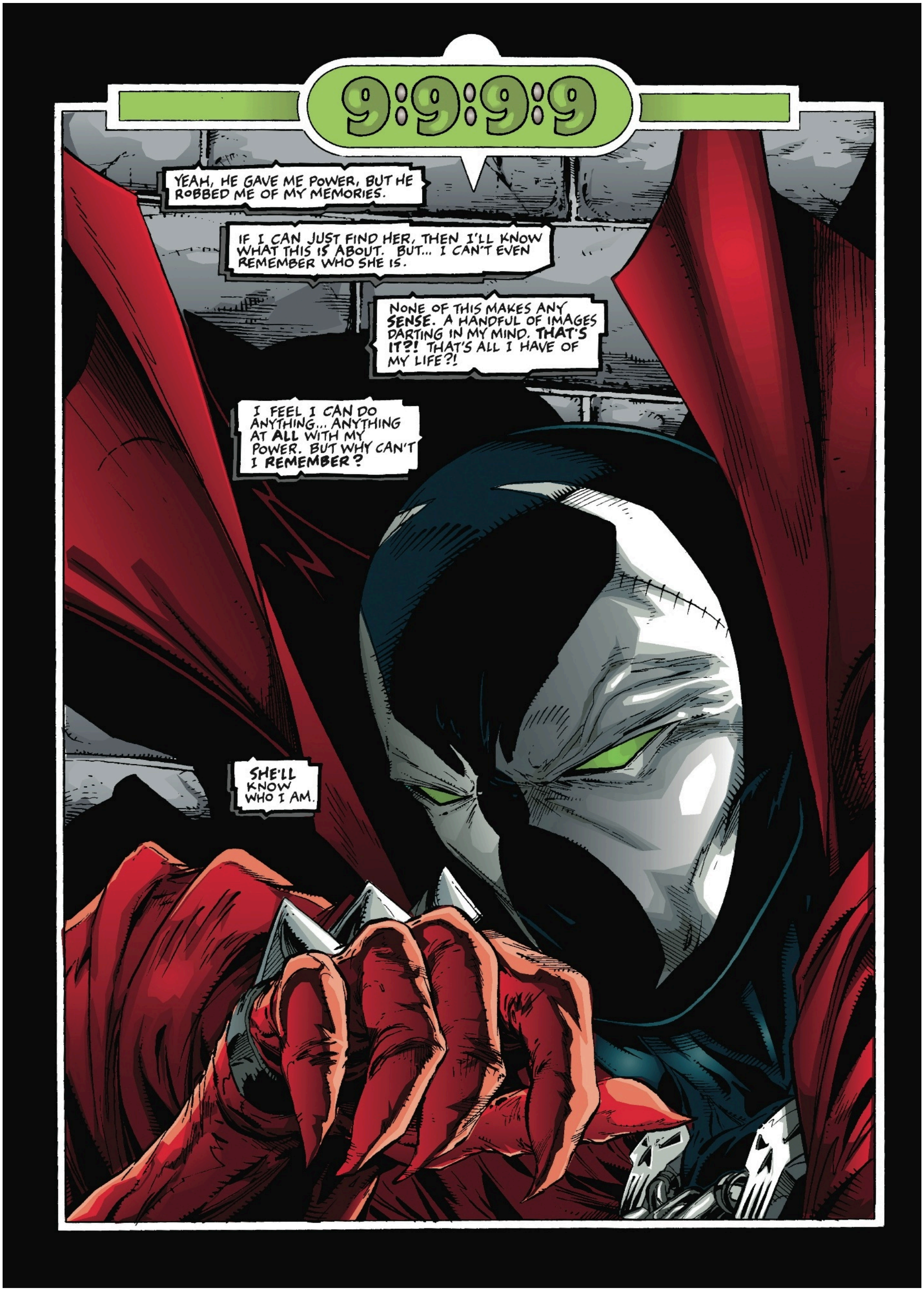


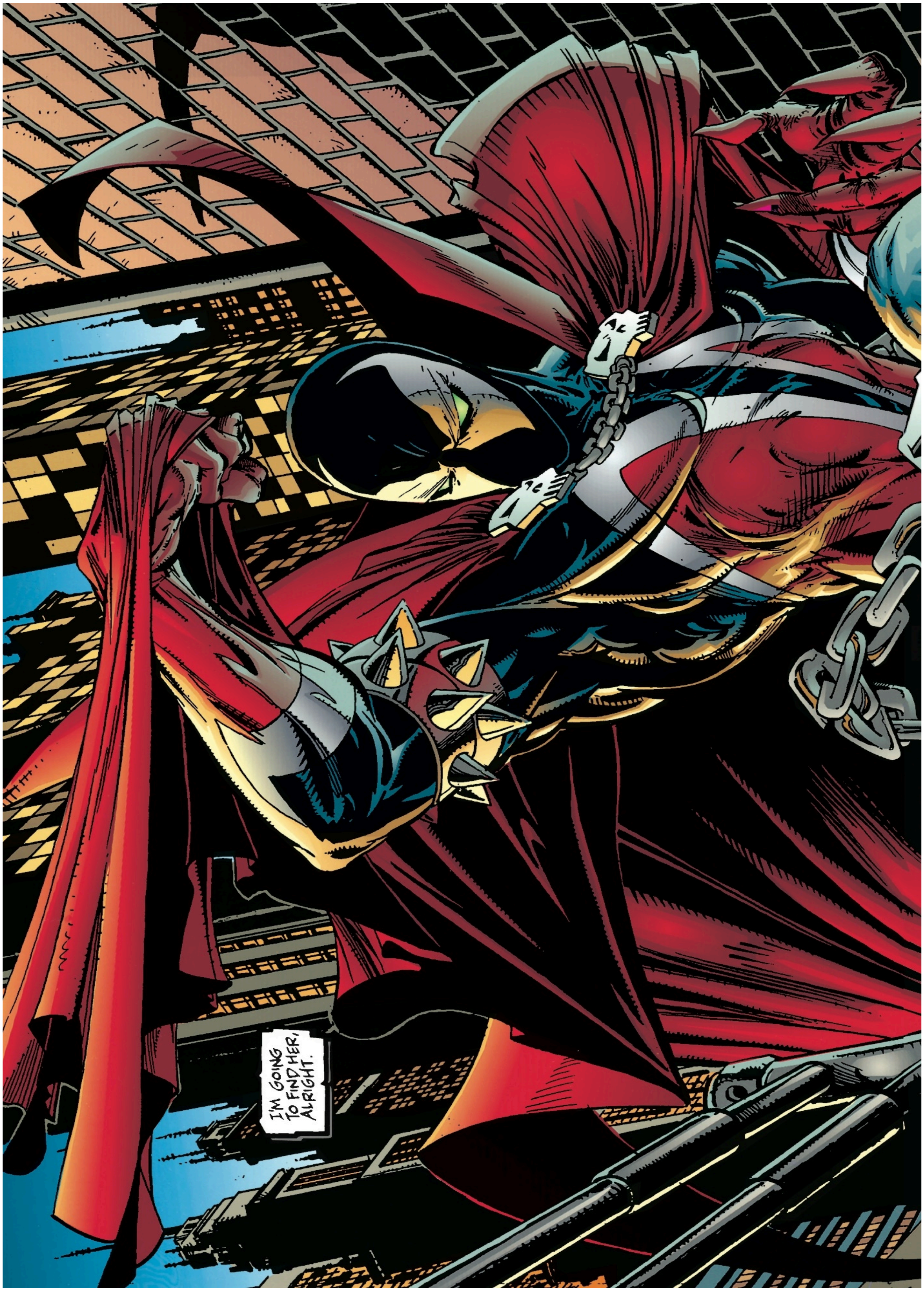
WELL, WHERE THIS POTENTIAL AFFAIR IS LEADING REMAINS TO BE SEEN. ***WE'LL*** BE KEEPING AN EYE OUT. AS FOR ***YOU, MIS***TER MARTIN ALEXANDER, SHAME, ***SHAME*** ON YOU! LET THE POOR WOMAN ***GRIEVE.*** BESIDES, SHE'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME FINDING A ***REPLACEMENT*** FOR A HUSBAND VOTED ONE OF *"THE TEN SEXIEST MEN"* TWO YEARS AGO. EVEN THOUGH THE GOVERNMENT TRIED TO ***HIDE*** THIS SWEET MORSEL FROM ALL OF US, ***THIS*** CHARISMATIC GENTLEMAN COULDN'T BE KEPT OUT OF SIGHT.

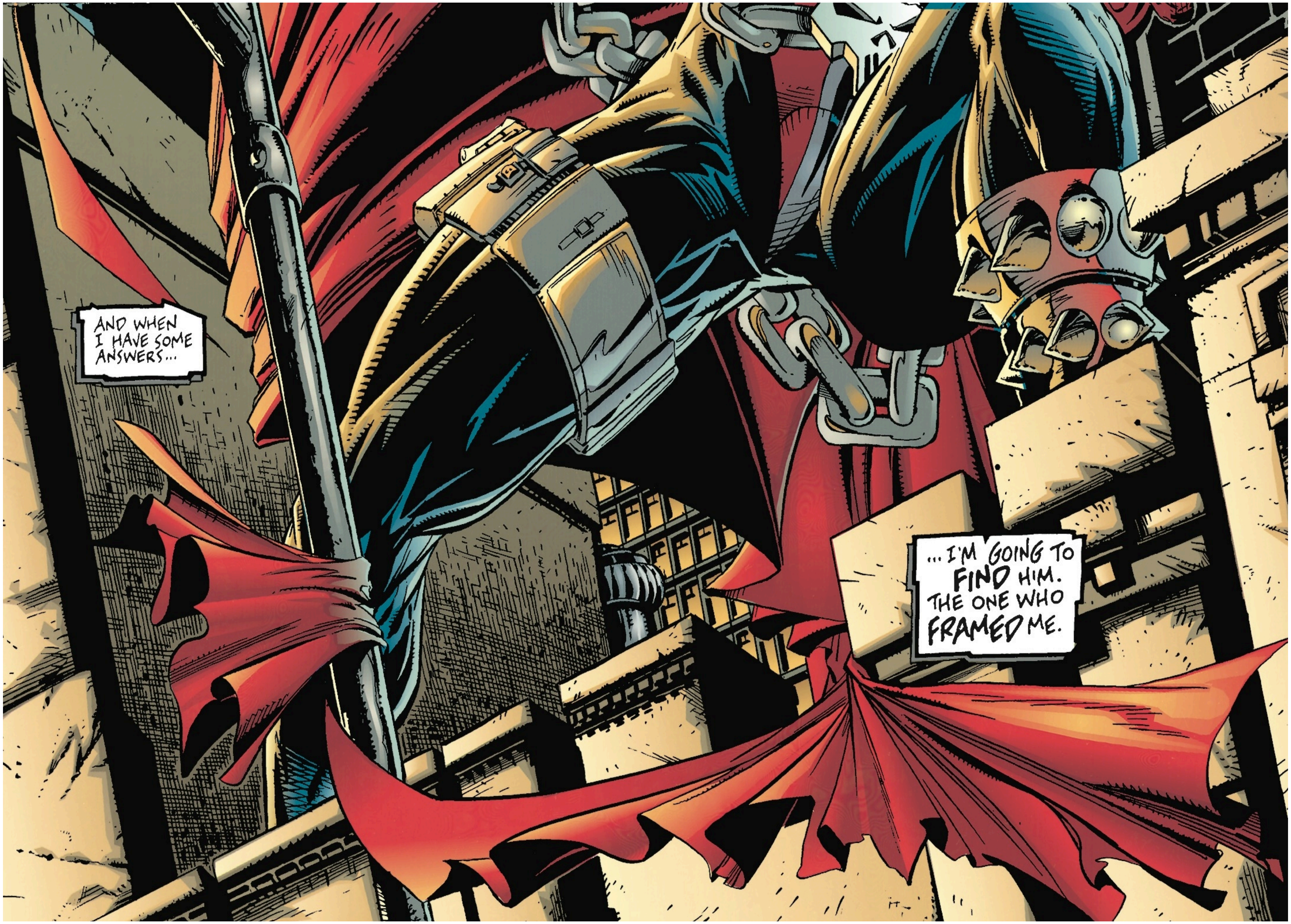

I REMEMBER THERE WAS SOMEONE.
SOMEONE TO LOVE.
SOMEONE TO HATE.
AND I WAS SOMETHING.
SOMETHING SPECIAL.
AND PROUD OF IT. FOR A TIME.
THEN THEY TURNED ON ME.
HE TURNED ON ME.
I REMEMBER...
...DYING.

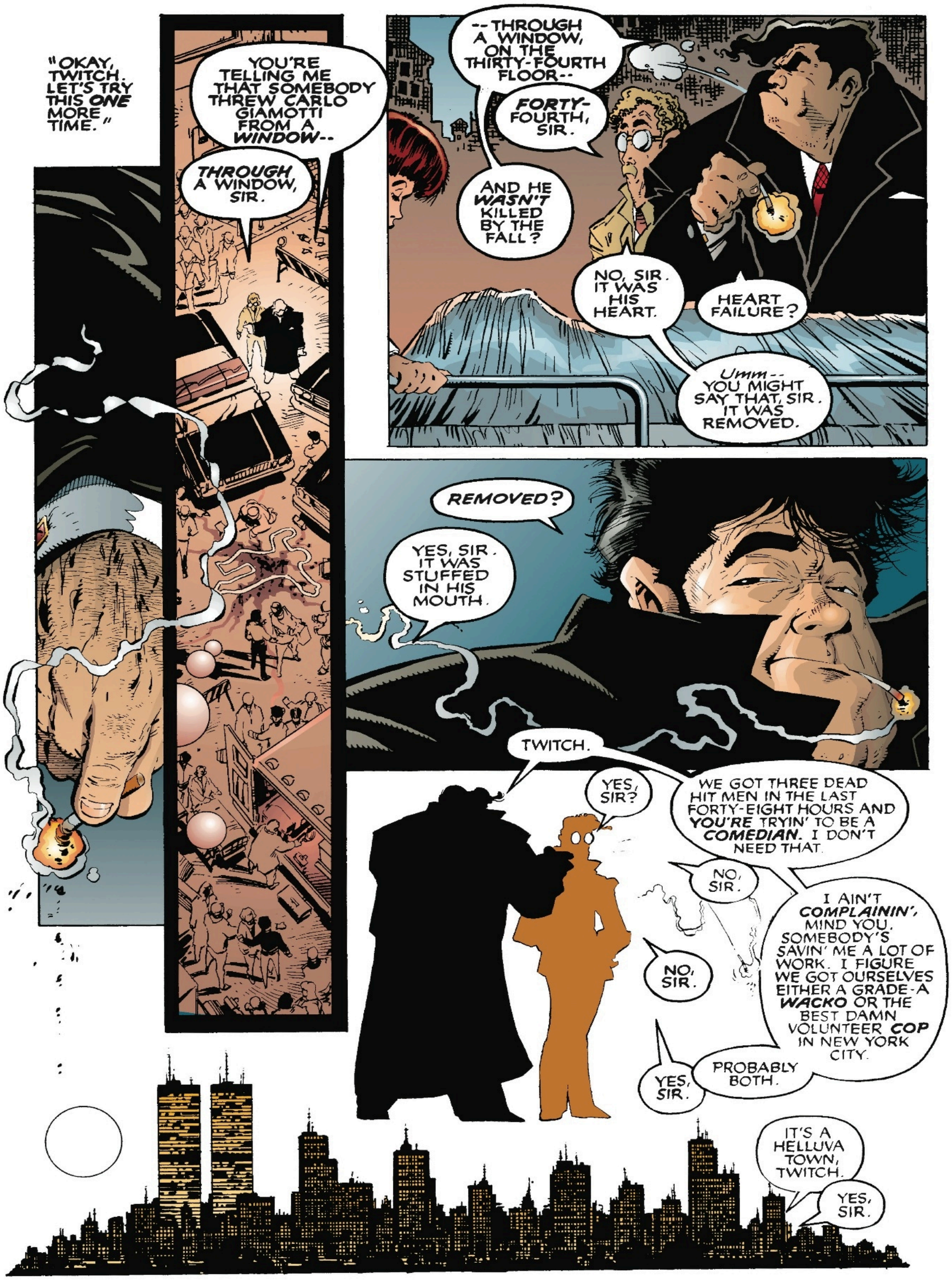

AND HER. OH, GOD, SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL.
I NEEDED.
HE GAVE.
I HAD TO.
ALL I COULD THINK OF
WAS HER.
SO I PROMISED,
AND HE ACCEPTED.
ALL BECAUSE OF HER.

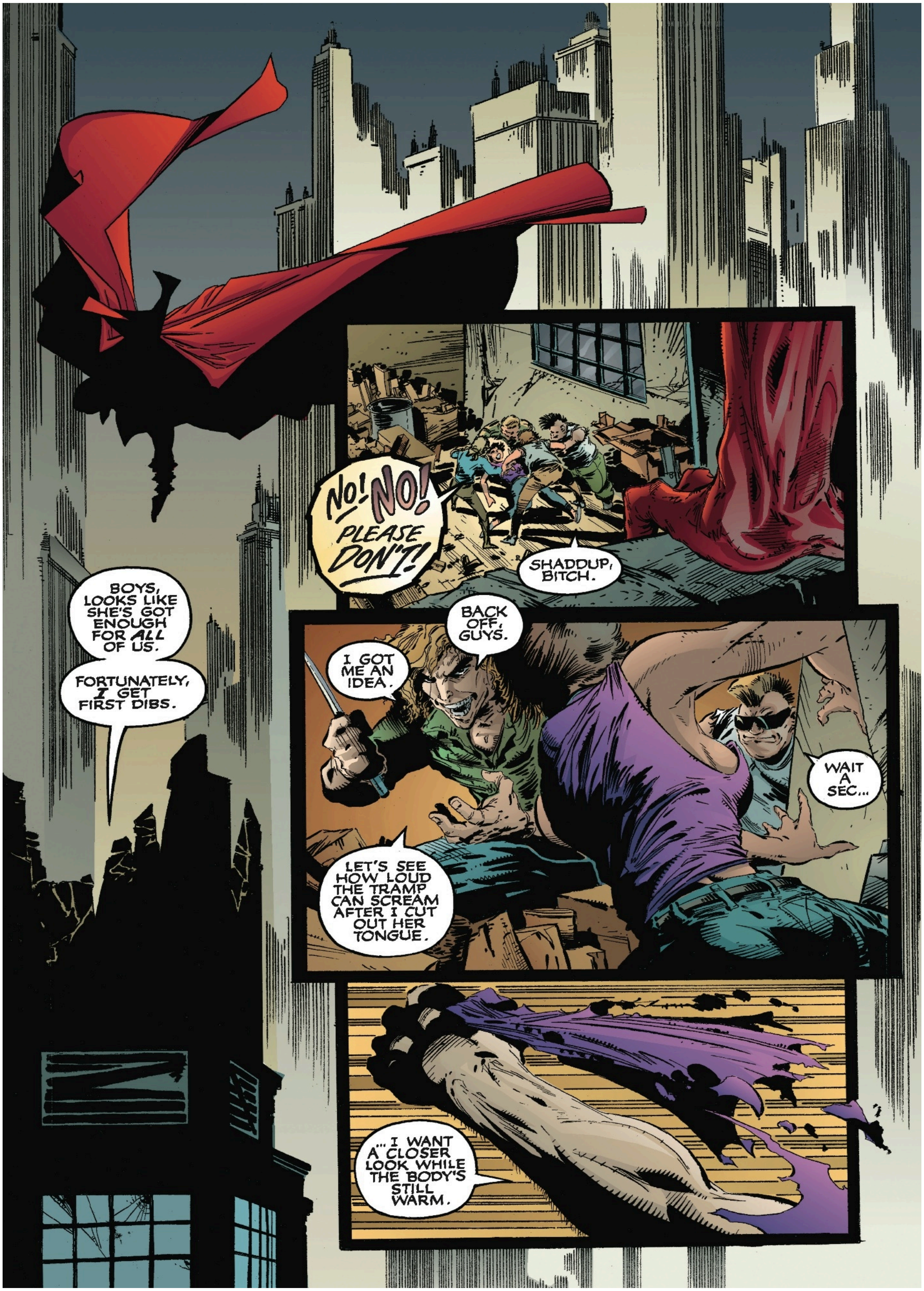

DAMN HIS LIES.
HE ACCEPTED THE DEAL... ON HIS TERMS. HIS RULES. HIS WAY.
AND SOMEWHERE IN TIME HE BUST A GUT LAUGHING.
9:9:9

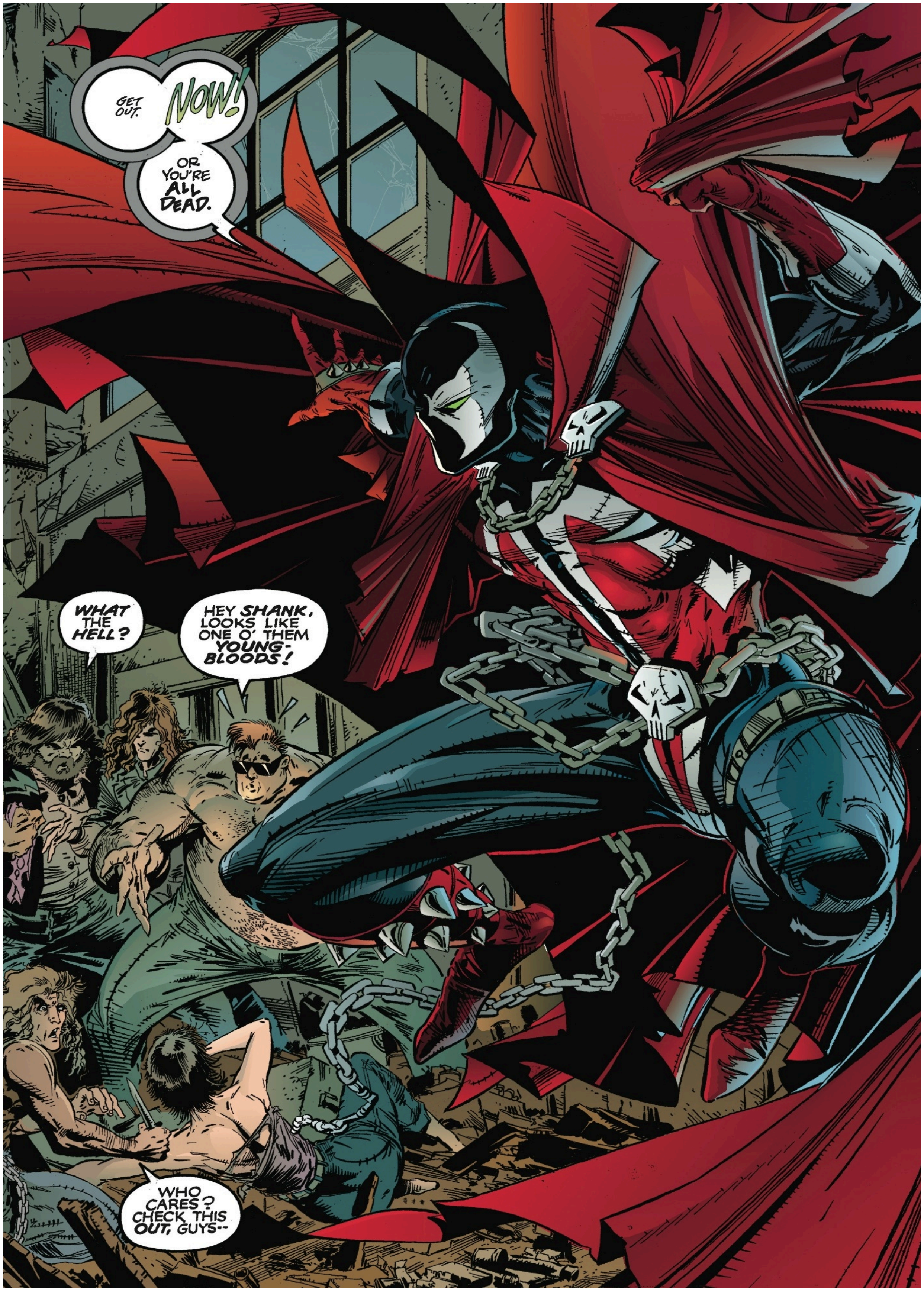
9:9:9:9
YEAH, HE GAVE ME POWER, BUT HE ROBBED ME OF MY MEMORIES.
IF I CAN JUST FIND HER, THEN I'LL KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT. BUT... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO SHE IS.
NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY **SENSE**. A HANDFUL OF IMAGES DARTING IN MY MIND. **THAT'S IT?!** THAT'S ALL I HAVE OF MY LIFE?!
I FEEL I CAN DO ANYTHING... ANYTHING AT **ALL** WITH MY POWER. BUT WHY CAN'T I **REMEMBER?**
SHE'LL KNOW WHO I AM.

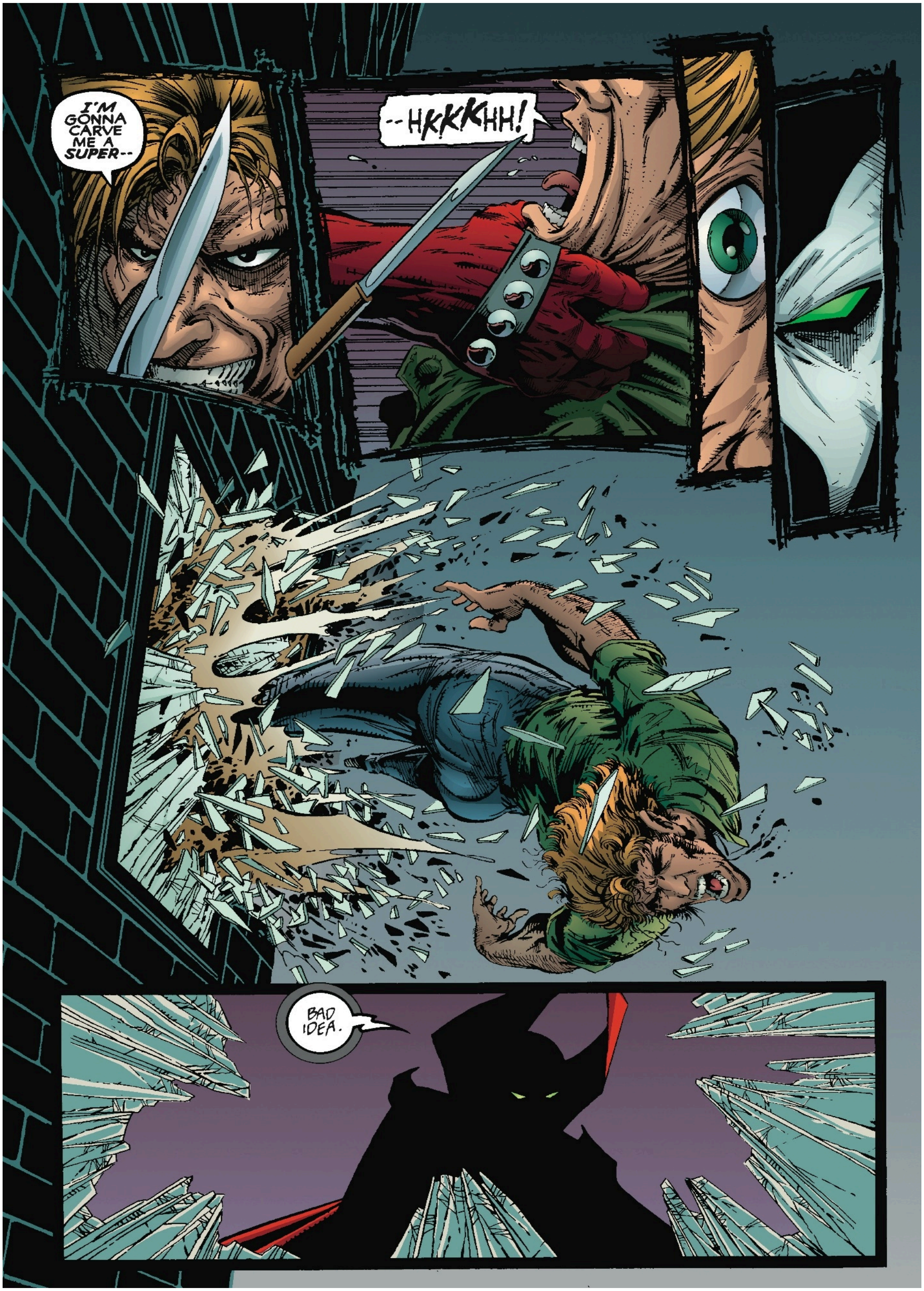

I'M GOING TO FIND HER, ALRIGHT.

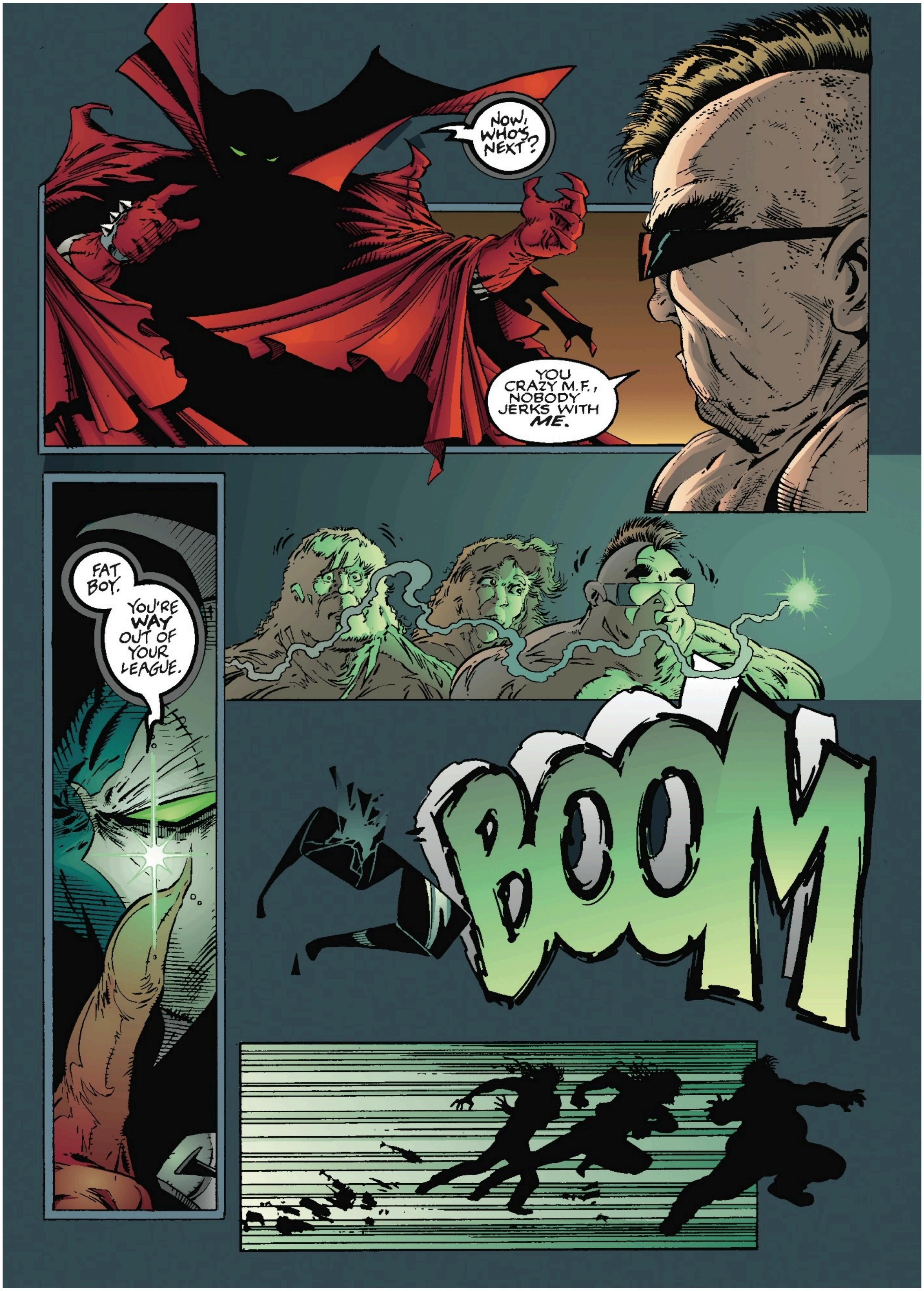

AND WHEN I HAVE SOME ANSWERS...
...I'M GOING TO FIND HIM. THE ONE WHO FRAMED ME.

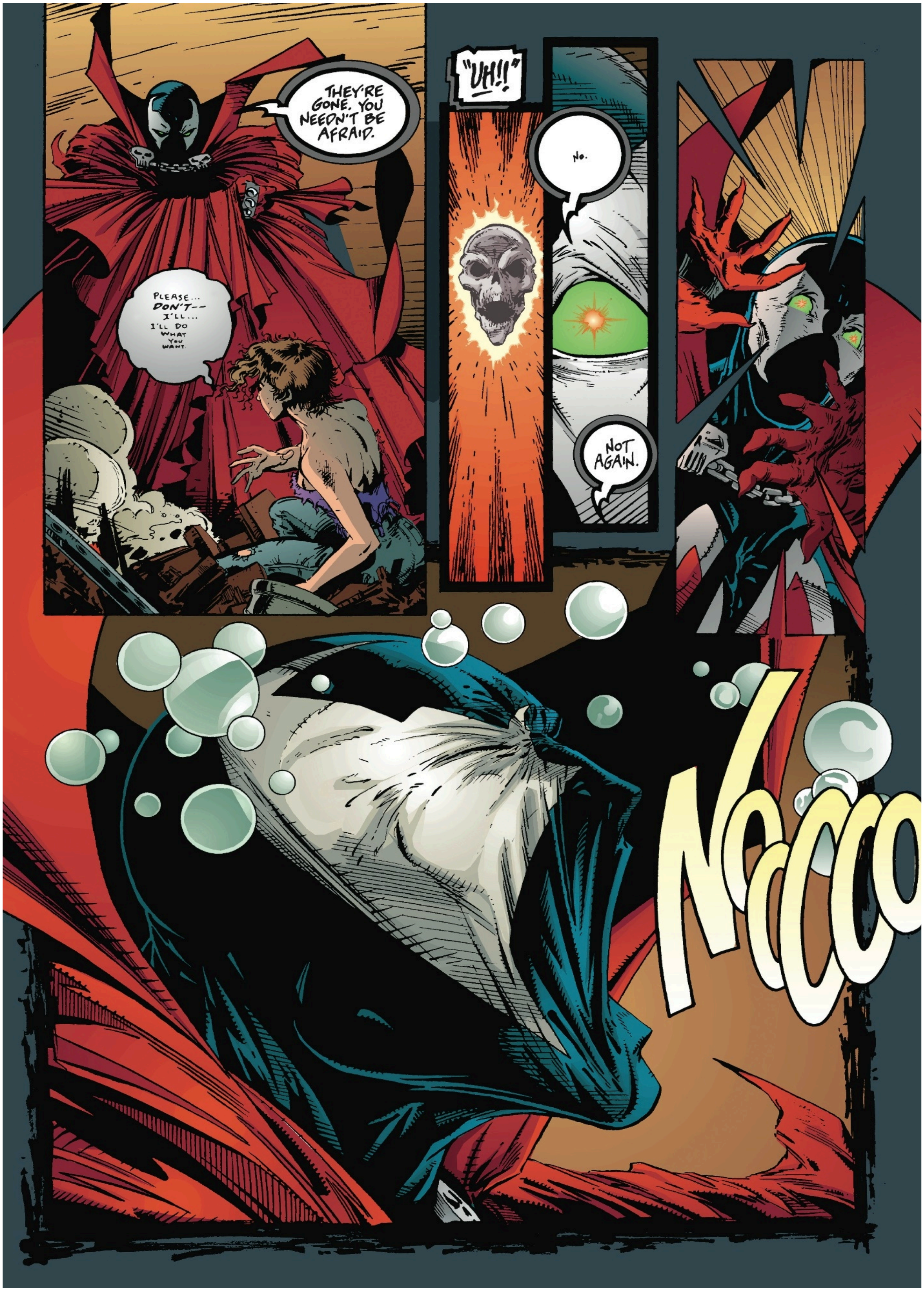

"OKAY, TWITCH. LET'S TRY THIS *ONE* MORE TIME."
YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT SOMEBODY THREW CARLO GIAMOTTI FROM A *WINDOW*--
THROUGH A WINDOW, SIR.
--THROUGH A WINDOW, ON THE THIRTY-FOURTH FLOOR--
FORTY-FOURTH, SIR.
AND HE *WASN'T* KILLED BY THE FALL?
NO, SIR. IT WAS HIS HEART.
HEART FAILURE?
Umm-- YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, SIR. IT WAS REMOVED.
REMOVED?
YES, SIR. IT WAS STUFFED IN HIS MOUTH.
TWITCH.
YES, SIR?
WE GOT THREE DEAD HIT MEN IN THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AND *YOU'RE* TRYIN' TO BE A *COMEDIAN*. I DON'T NEED THAT.
NO, SIR.
I AIN'T *COMPLAININ'*, MIND YOU. SOMEBODY'S SAVIN' ME A LOT OF WORK. I FIGURE WE GOT OURSELVES EITHER A GRADE-A *WACKO* OR THE BEST DAMN VOLUNTEER *COP* IN NEW YORK CITY.
NO, SIR.
PROBABLY BOTH.
YES, SIR.
IT'S A HELLUVA TOWN, TWITCH.
YES, SIR.

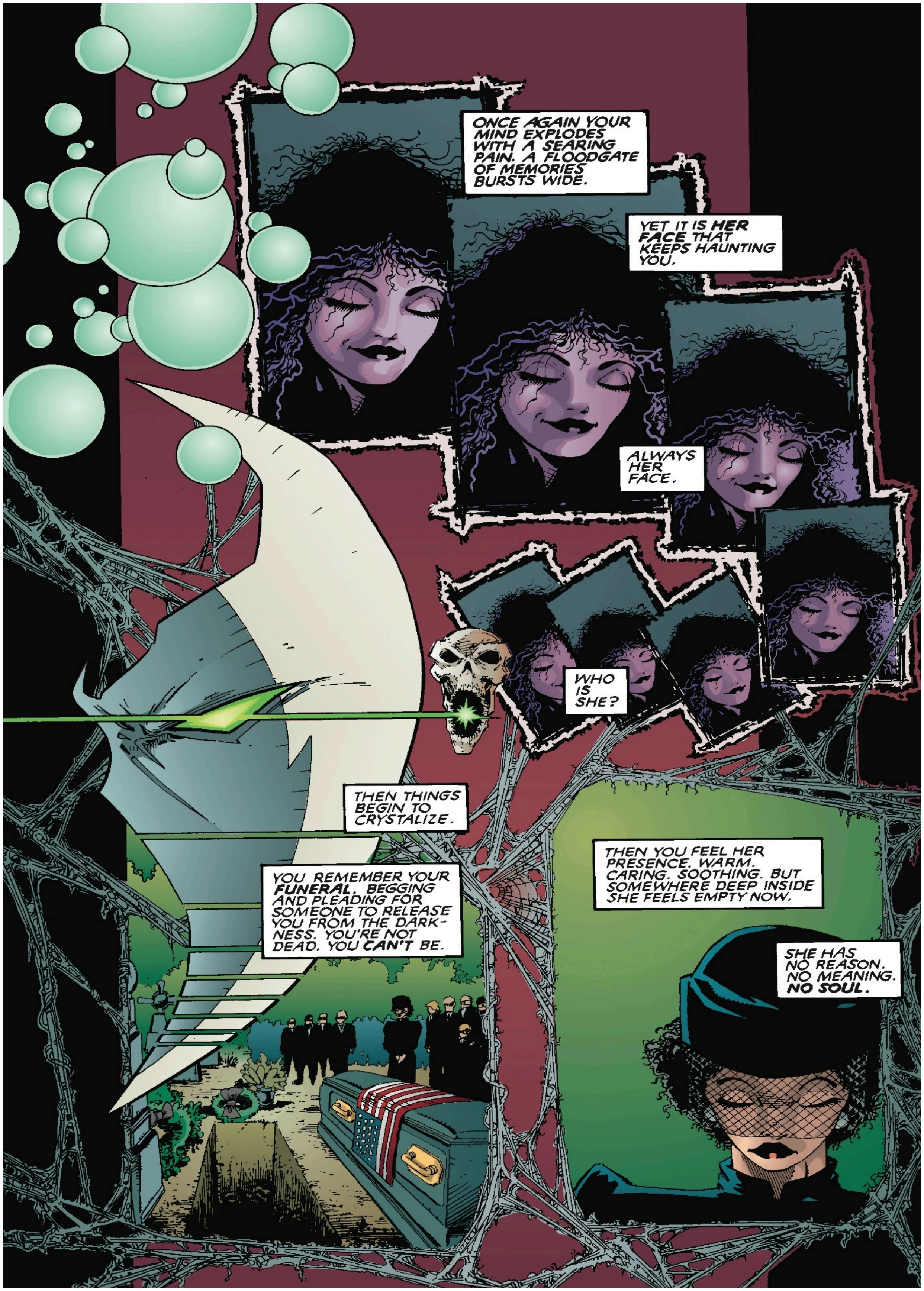

No! NO! PLEASE DON'T!
SHADDUP, BITCH.
BOYS, LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOT ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US.
FORTUNATELY, I GET FIRST DIBS.
BACK OFF, GUYS.
I GOT ME AN IDEA.
WAIT A SEC...
LET'S SEE HOW LOUD THE TRAMP CAN SCREAM AFTER I CUT OUT HER TONGUE.
...I WANT A CLOSER LOOK WHILE THE BODY'S STILL WARM.

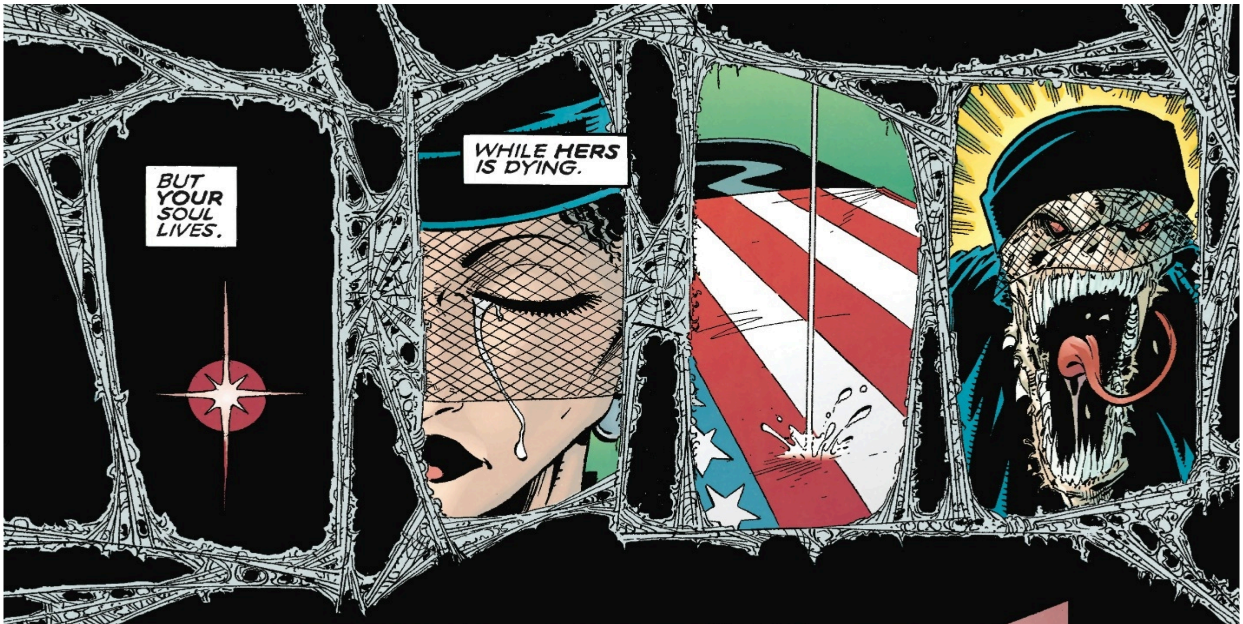

GET OUT. NOW!
OR YOU'RE ALL DEAD.
WHAT THE HELL?
HEY SHANK, LOOKS LIKE ONE O' THEM YOUNG-BLOODS!
WHO CARES? CHECK THIS OUT, GUYS--

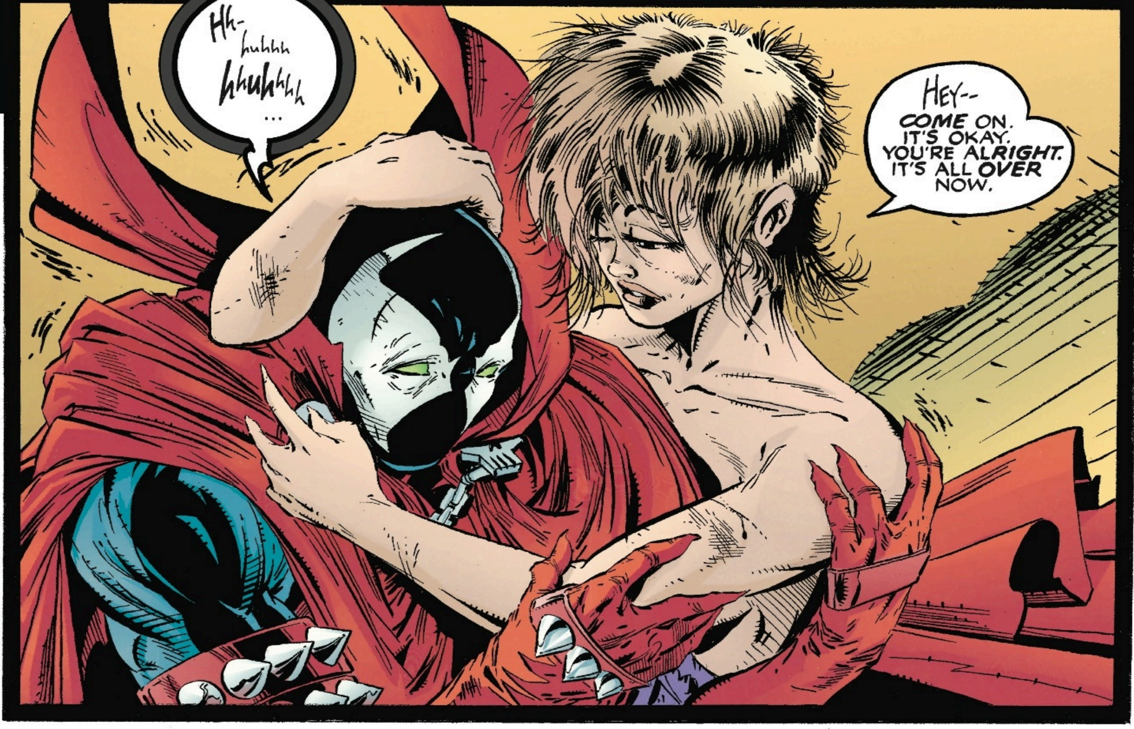

I'M GONNA CARVE ME A *SUPER*--
--HKKKHH!
BAD IDEA.


NOW, WHO'S NEXT?
YOU CRAZY M.F., NOBODY JERKS WITH ME.
FAT BOY.
YOU'RE WAY OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE.
BOOM


THEY'RE GONE. YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID.
PLEASE... DON'T-- I'LL... I'LL DO WHAT YOU WANT.
"UH!!"
NO.
NOT AGAIN.
NOOOO

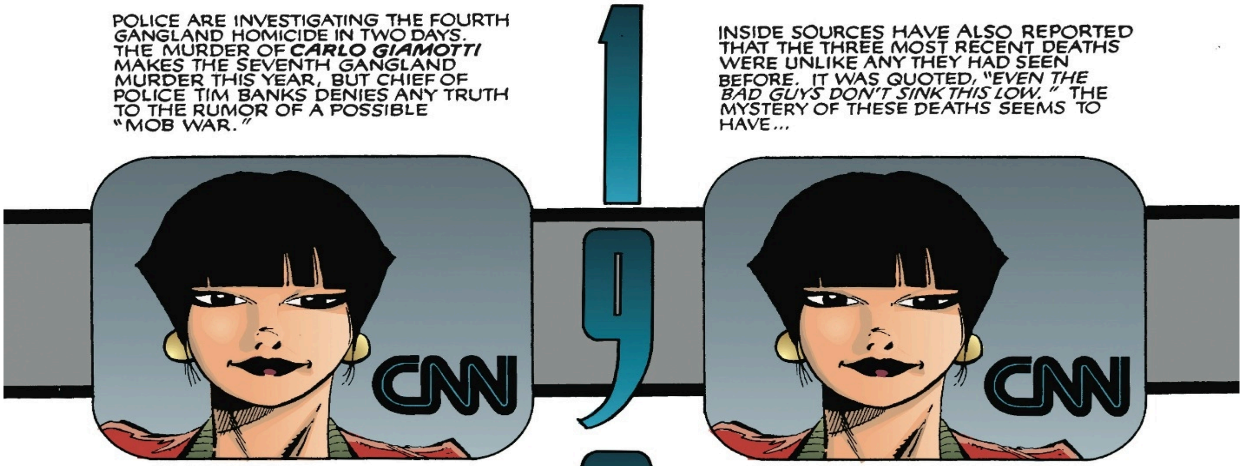

ONCE AGAIN YOUR MIND EXPLODES WITH A SEARING PAIN. A FLOODGATE OF MEMORIES BURSTS WIDE.
YET IT IS HER FACE THAT KEEPS HAUNTING YOU.
ALWAYS HER FACE.
WHO IS SHE?
THEN THINGS BEGIN TO CRYSTALIZE.
YOU REMEMBER YOUR FUNERAL. BEGGING AND PLEADING FOR SOMEONE TO RELEASE YOU FROM THE DARKNESS. YOU'RE NOT DEAD. YOU CAN'T BE.
THEN YOU FEEL HER PRESENCE. WARM. CARING. SOOTHING. BUT SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE SHE FEELS EMPTY NOW.
SHE HAS NO REASON. NO MEANING. NO SOUL.


BUT YOUR SOUL LIVES.
WHILE HERS IS DYING.


Hh- hhhhh hhuhhhh ...
HEY-- COME ON. IT'S OKAY. YOU'RE ALRIGHT. IT'S ALL OVER NOW.

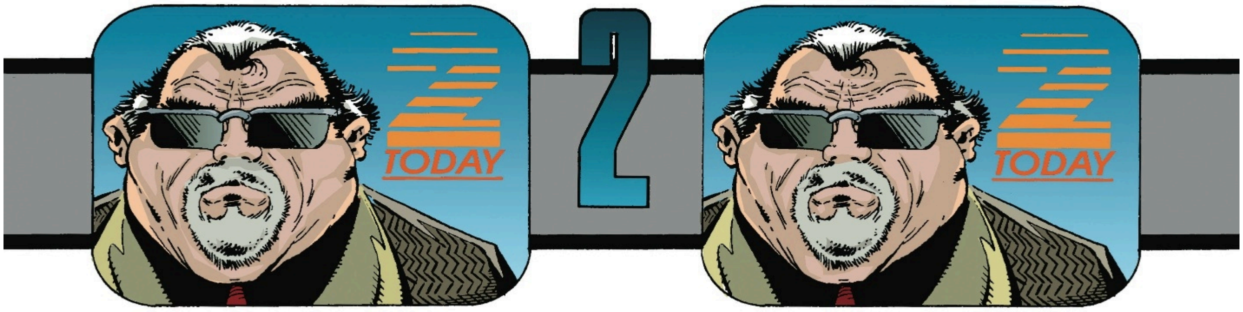
POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING THE FOURTH GANGLAND HOMICIDE IN TWO DAYS. THE MURDER OF ***CARLO GIAMOTTI*** MAKES THE SEVENTH GANGLAND MURDER THIS YEAR, BUT CHIEF OF POLICE TIM BANKS DENIES ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR OF A POSSIBLE "MOB WAR."

INSIDE SOURCES HAVE ALSO REPORTED THAT THE THREE MOST RECENT DEATHS WERE UNLIKE ANY THEY HAD SEEN BEFORE. IT WAS QUOTED, *"EVEN THE BAD GUYS DON'T SINK THIS LOW."* THE MYSTERY OF THESE DEATHS SEEMS TO HAVE...



THIS MIGHT BE JUST WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS. WITH PEOPLE LIKE ***JAKE MORELLI,*** DISGUISED AS A WELL-DRESSED BUSINESSMAN, IT'S NO WONDER THE POLICE WON'T MAKE ANY ARRESTS. POLICE CHIEF BANKS SAYS HE'LL SEND OUT AN INVESTIGATIVE UNIT TO FLUSH OUT SOME ANSWERS. ***WHAT'S TO INVESTIGATE?*** JUST BECAUSE SOMETHING SMELLS ***NOW*** DOESN'T MEAN IT WASN'T GARBAGE ***BEFORE.***

I FOR ONE HOPE THE POLICE DON'T ***FIND*** ANY ANSWERS. OR WORSE YET, TRY AND ***STOP*** THIS LATEST RASH OF PUBLIC EXECUTIONS. IF IT'S GOOD GUYS KILLING BAD OR ***BAD*** GUYS KILLING BAD-- ***WHO CARES?*** GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU CITIZENS NEED ANY HELP.

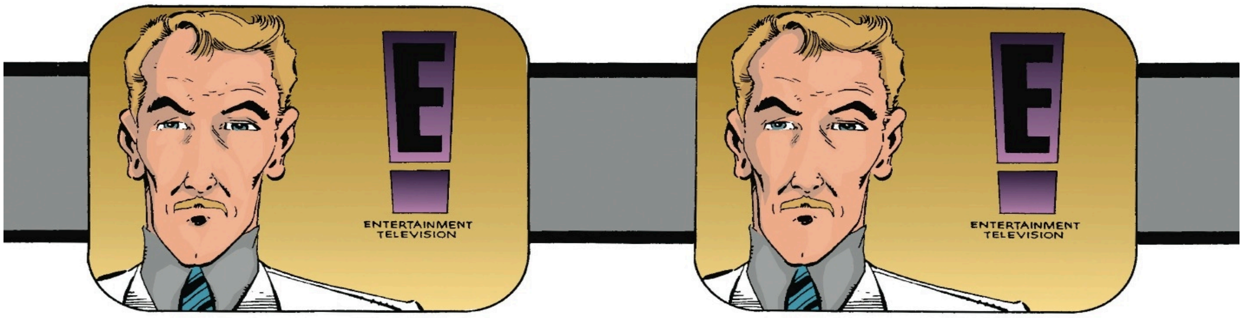


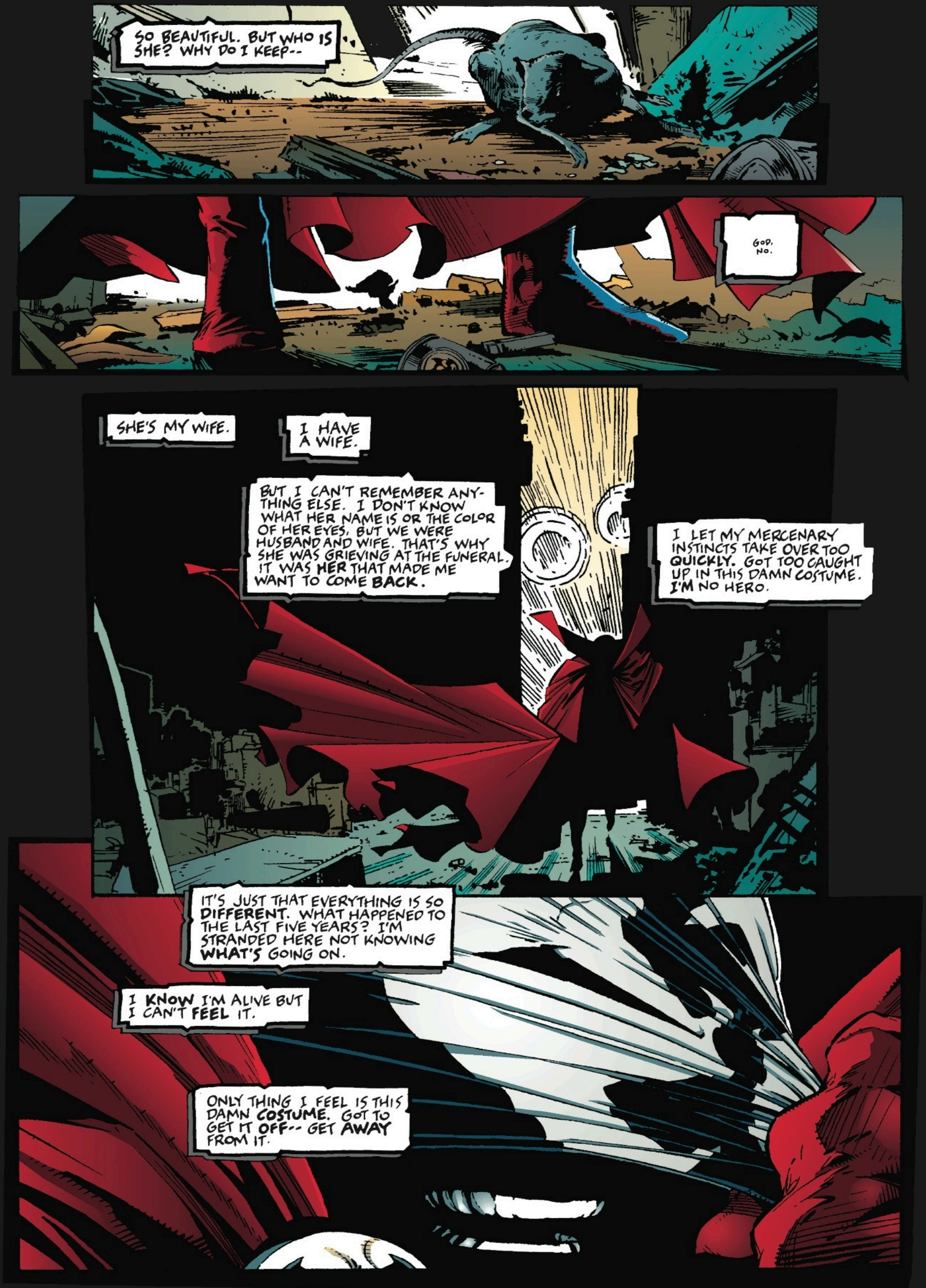
... I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND ***HOW*** THOSE TWO HAVE MANAGED TO STAY TOGETHER ALL THESE YEARS. ***SOME***ONE MUST BE ***TOR***TURING ME.

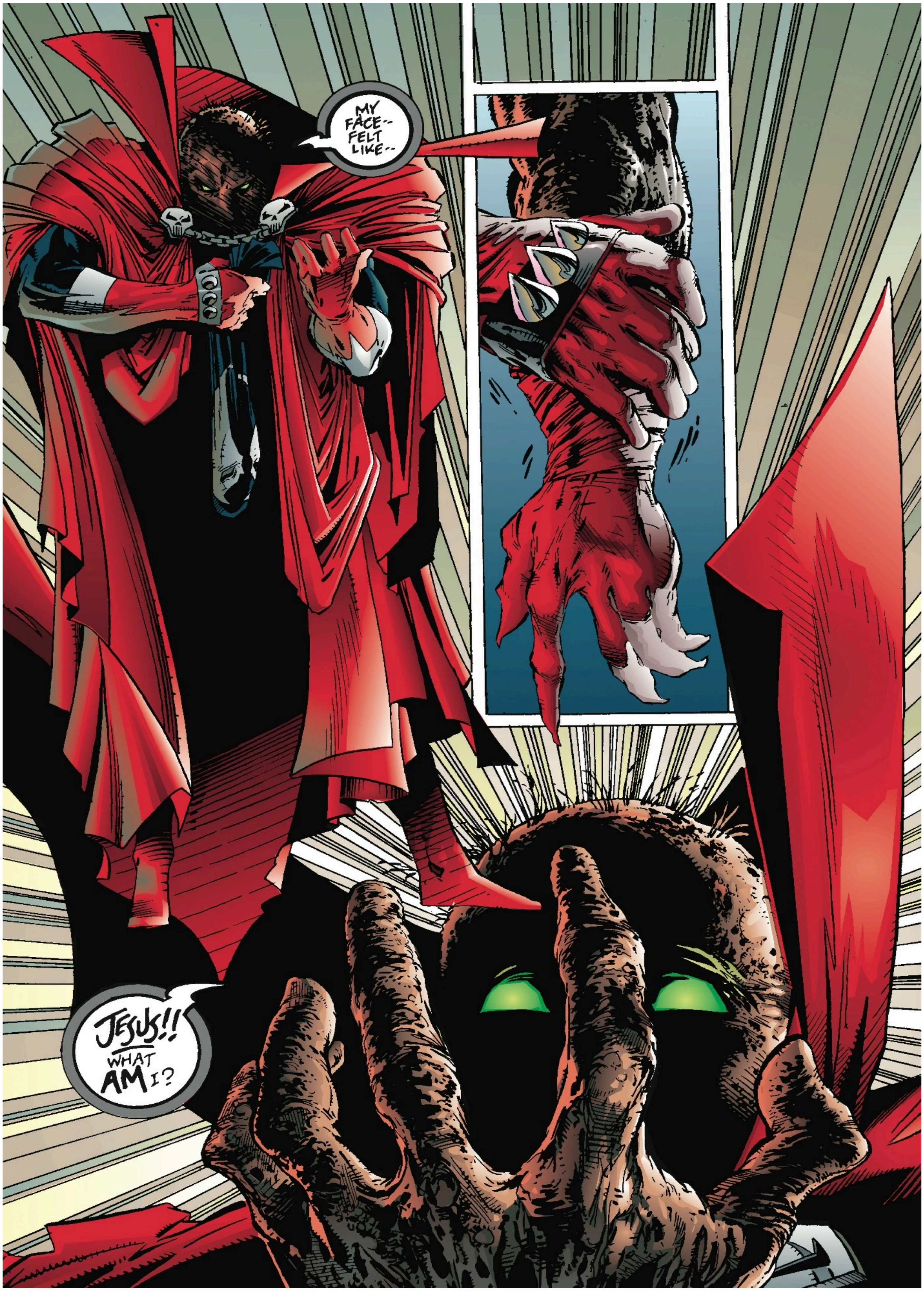
AND ***FINALLY,*** WORD OUT OF NEW YORK IS THAT THERE'S A NEW ***MYSTERY MAN*** IN THE BIG APPLE. ONLY A HANDFUL OF REPORTS SO FAR, BUT FROM WHAT I CAN ***TELL,*** OUR BIG BRUISER HAS A FETISH FOR ***ZORRO.***

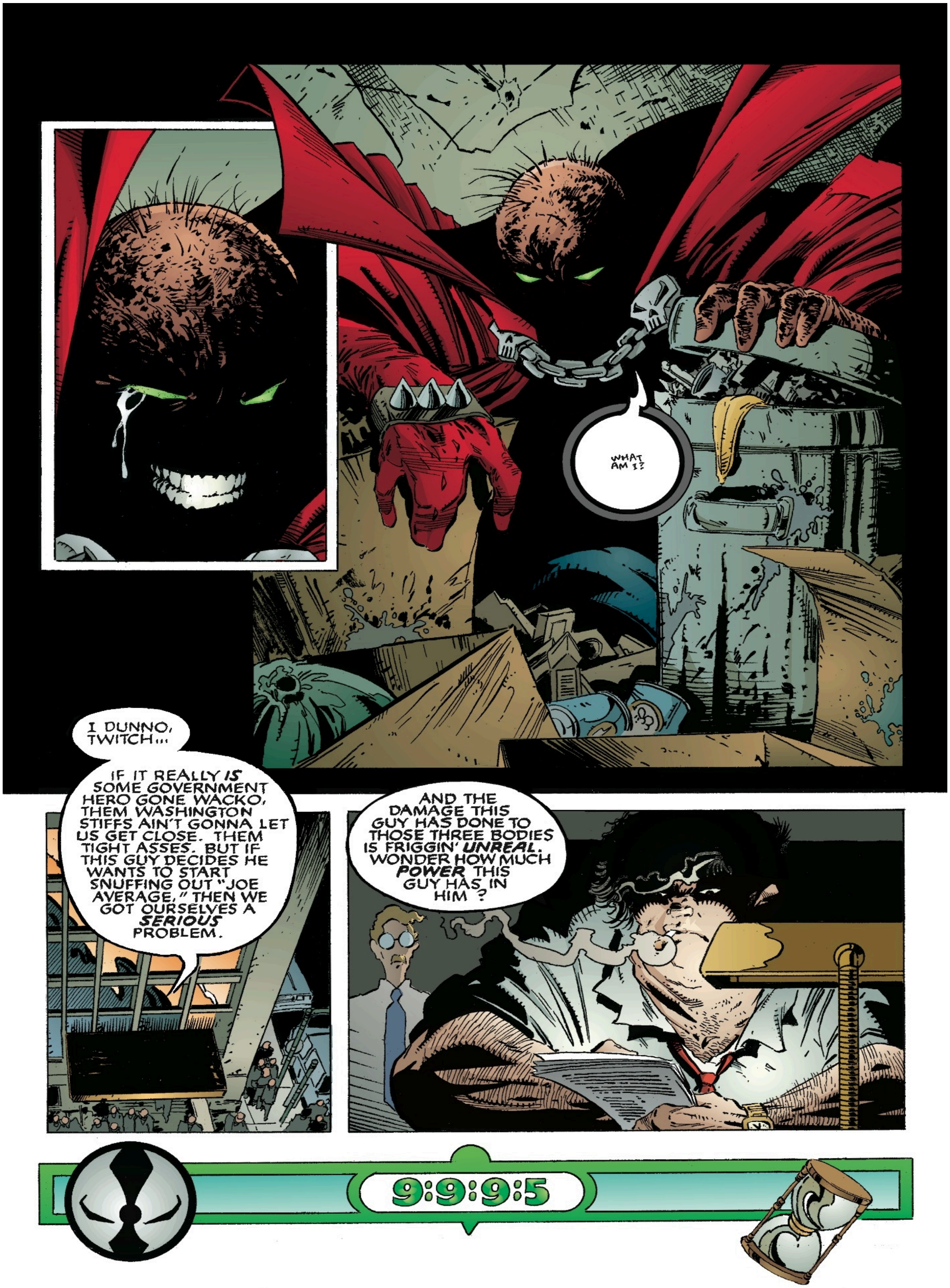
I MEAN, LET'S GET ***SERIOUS.*** A ***CAPE!*** WITH THE ***YOUNGBLOOD*** FASHIONS BEING ALL THE RAGE, ***WHY*** ON ***EARTH*** WOULD ***ANY***ONE TRY TO BRING BACK SUCH A ***GAUCHE*** AND TOTALLY ***USE***LESS AC***CES***SORY?

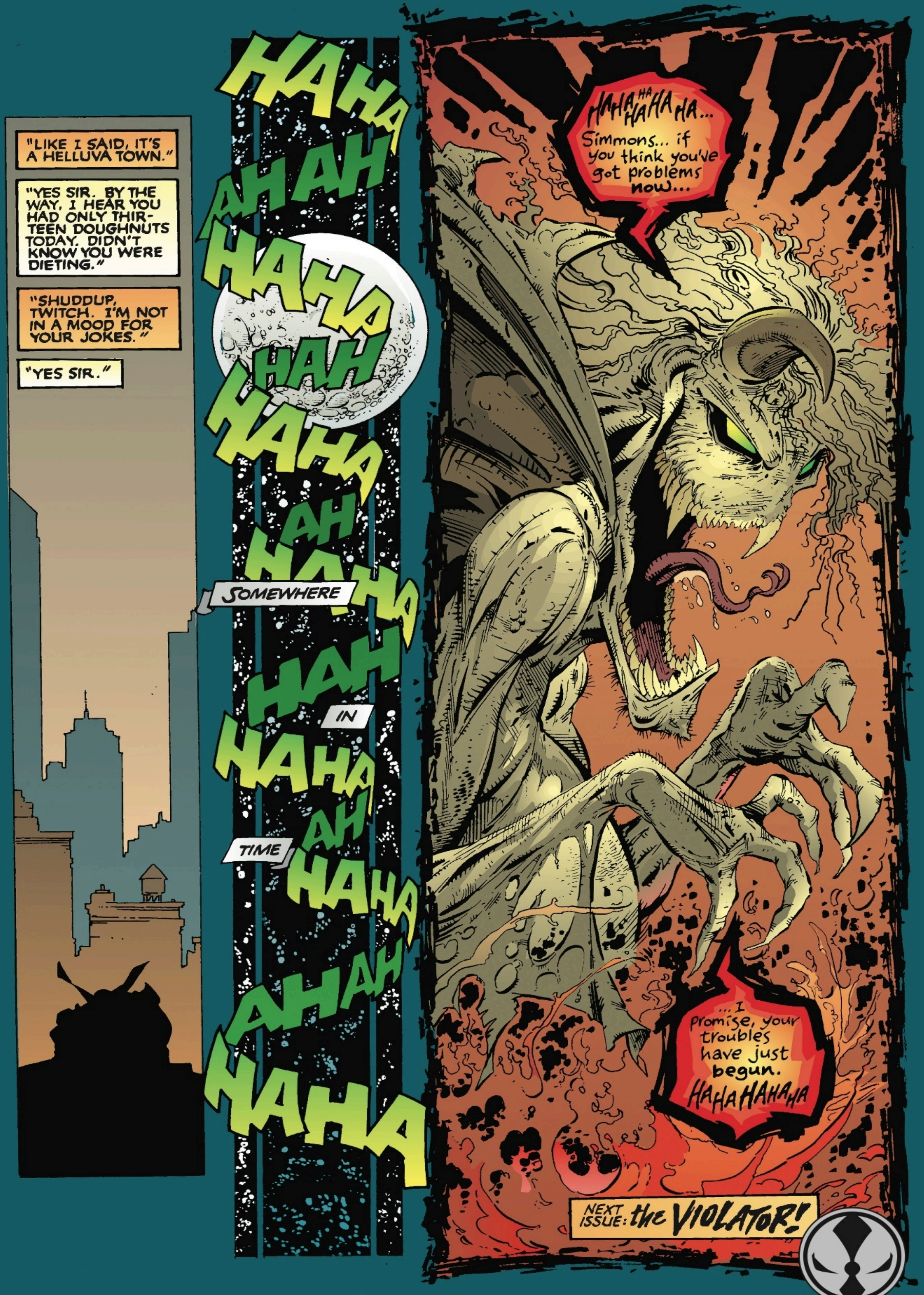
NOW THOSE ***SPIKES*** AND ***CHAINS*** HE HAS, ***THOSE*** ARE SIMPLY ***DAR***LING. A PERFECTLY ***RIVETING*** STATEMENT.




SO BEAUTIFUL. BUT WHO IS SHE? WHY DO I KEEP--
GOD. NO.
SHE'S MY WIFE.
I HAVE A WIFE.
BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HER NAME IS OR THE COLOR OF HER EYES. BUT WE WERE HUSBAND AND WIFE. THAT'S WHY SHE WAS GRIEVING AT THE FUNERAL. IT WAS HER THAT MADE ME WANT TO COME BACK.
I LET MY MERCENARY INSTINCTS TAKE OVER TOO QUICKLY. GOT TOO CAUGHT UP IN THIS DAMN COSTUME. I'M NO HERO.
IT'S JUST THAT EVERYTHING IS SO DIFFERENT. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST FIVE YEARS? I'M STRANDED HERE NOT KNOWING WHAT'S GOING ON.
I KNOW I'M ALIVE BUT I CAN'T FEEL IT.
ONLY THING I FEEL IS THIS DAMN COSTUME. GOT TO GET IT OFF-- GET AWAY FROM IT.


MY FACE-- FELT LIKE--
JESUS!! WHAT AM I?


WHAT AM I?
I DUNNO, TWITCH...
IF IT REALLY *IS* SOME GOVERNMENT HERO GONE WACKO, THEM WASHINGTON STIFFS AIN'T GONNA LET US GET CLOSE. THEM TIGHT ASSES. BUT IF THIS GUY DECIDES HE WANTS TO START SNUFFING OUT "JOE AVERAGE," THEN WE GOT OURSELVES A *SERIOUS* PROBLEM.
AND THE DAMAGE THIS GUY HAS DONE TO THOSE THREE BODIES IS FRIGGIN' *UNREAL*. WONDER HOW MUCH *POWER* THIS GUY HAS IN HIM ?
9:9:9:5


"LIKE I SAID, IT'S A HELLUVA TOWN."
"YES SIR. BY THE WAY, I HEAR YOU HAD ONLY THIRTEEN DOUGHNUTS TODAY. DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE DIETING."
"SHUDDUP, TWITCH. I'M NOT IN A MOOD FOR YOUR JOKES."
"YES SIR."
HAHA
AHAH
HAHA
HAHA
HAH
HAHA
AH
HAHA
SOMEWHERE
HAH
IN
HAHA
AH
TIME
HAHA
AHAH
HAHA
HAHAHAHAHAHA... Simmons... if you think you've got problems now...
...I promise, your troubles have just begun. HAHAHAHAHAHA
NEXT ISSUE: the VIOLATOR!